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SLEEPY HOLLOW

COLONIAL ROMANCE

BY

GEORGE M. ROSENER

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SLEEPY HOLLOW

A Romance of the Revolution in Three Acts

BY

GEORGE M. ROSENER

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SLEEPY HOLLOW.

CHARACTERS.

HUGH CAMPBELL.....*A Morgan Scout*
CAPT. WALTER HASTINGS.....*Of the Rangers*
JIM GAUNT.....*A Morgan Scout*
SILVER BEAR.....*Chief of the Oneidas*
CAPT. GEO. BOLLINER.....*Of Sir Henry Clinton's Forces*
CAPT. JAMES CLINTON.....*Sir Henry Clinton's Brother*
SIR PETER COLVERT.....*Of the old Regime*
VON NOSTRAND.....*Inn Keeper*
LADY TINDERMOORE.....*Sally McGuire's Aunt*
SINGING WATER.....*Silver Bear's Daughter*
SALLY MCGUIRE.....*Known as Mam'selle by Courtesy*
SOLDIERS *and* HUNTERS.

LOCALITY.—The region of the Catskill Mountains in New York State.
TIME.—Near the end of the War of Independence.
TIME OF REPRESENTATION.—Two hours and a half.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I.—Exterior of the "Rip Van Winkle" Inn. CAPT. BOLLINER in a fix. LADY TINDERMOORE'S mistake. Spies. The Warning. SINGING WATER. SALLY'S strategy. A confession. HUGH CAMPBELL'S peril.

ACT II.—Interior of the "Rip Van Winkle." Love's plea. SALLY'S trick. CAMPBELL'S escape. LADY TINDERMOORE gets a surprise. SALLY'S serious mistake. CAMPBELL'S arrest as a spy. SALLY again plans CAMPBELL'S escape. Success.

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ACT III.—Interior of a cabin at Broadalbin. HUGH and SALLY evade their pursuers. CAMPBELL declares his love; separation. Encounter of SILVER BEAR and HASTINGS, his escape and SILVER BEAR on his track. SALLY confesses her forced marriage to HASTINGS, his perfidy unmasked. SILVER BEAR'S revenge. Death of HASTINGS. The end of the war. "God bless the New Republic!" CAMPBELL and SALLY united at last.

NOTE.—The music of "Sally in our Alley" is played softly at intervals during the performance as directed in the text.

DESCRIPTION OF CHARACTERS.

HUGH CAMPBELL.—Age thirty. Dressed in buckskins. Hunting knife, long-barrelled rifle.

CAPT. HASTINGS.—Age thirty, polished and heartless. ACT I. and II.—Green uniform of the Rangers. ACT III.—Same uniform with cape, torn and mud-stained. Sword and pistol.

JIM GAUNT.—Same as HUGH CAMPBELL. Hunting knife and rifle.

SILVER BEAR.—Aged Indian character. Dress of an Indian Chief, buckskins and blanket; wears two eagle feathers. Hunting knife, pistol, and stone-headed axe.

CAPT. BOLLINER.—Age, about fifty, red-headed and bombastic. ACT I.—Hunting costume. Afterwards, regulation uniform of Clinton's forces, sword.

CAPT. CLINTON.—Middle aged, and gentlemanly in manners. ACT I.—Hunting costume. Later, same as BOLLINER. Sword.

SIR PETER COLVERT.—Aged and infirm; sarcastic, and speaks in a high treble. ACT I.—Hunting costume. Afterwards in Colonial dress. Grey wig.

VON NOSTRAND.—Innkeeper. Short trousers, White shirt and apron.

LADY TINDERMOORE.—Grand dame of the old school. Dress of the period.

SINGING WATER.—An Indian girl in regular costume.

SALLY.—About twenty. Vivacious and emotional, can be played with slight dialect. Hunting costume.

INCIDENTAL PROPERTIES.

Riding crop for BOLLINER. Key for VON NOSTRAND. Document, long pipe, for SILVER BEAR. Letter for soldier to hand to HASTINGS. Three pillows, two for CLINTON and one for BOLLINER. Lanterns for SALLY and HASTINGS. Two saddles for HUGH CAMPBELL. Long cape and jug of wine for SALLY. Handkerchief for LADY TINDERMOORE.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

As seen by a performer on the stage, facing the audience, R. means the right-hand; L. the left-hand; C. the center of the stage; R. U. E. right upper entrance; L. U. E. left upper entrance; D. I. F. door in flat; UP, toward rear of stage; DOWN, toward the footlights.

SLEEPY HOLLOW.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*A Colonial landscape showing the mountains in the distance. Hedgerow runs from right to left up stage. Old-fashioned inn-porch down left, dead vines hang about the porch. A sign-post with the sign of "The Rip Van Winkle," stands a few feet away from porch. Large tree down right with rustic bench in front of same. Down stage a little left of center is a rustic table and chairs. About the stage is scattered a profusion of dead leaves. The time is late Fall. At rise of curtain sun is setting.*

ENTER Capt. Bolliner, r. u. e., hatless, clothes disordered.

Capt. Bolliner (*raps on table down* l. *with riding crop*). Hi! Hi! Landlord! Von Nostrand!

ENTER Von Nostrand *from house.*

Von Nostrand. Aye, sir.

Capt. B. Another horse. Quick. My hunter threw me into a ditch and all but killed me.

Von N. Yet you are perfectly dry, sir.

Capt. B. Aye. Lucky for me the ditch was dry.

Von N. Is it possible?

Capt. B. Aye. And I doubt not 'twould happen again were I fool enough to throw my leg over another such beast.

Von N. Well, well, well!

Capt. B. Man, have you lost your reason? Don't stand there chattering like a dead-head. Make haste. I must be in at the death. Mam'selle Lafayette has promised a kiss to the first three men who are in at the taking of the brush.

Von N. (*starts up*). Then indeed I will make haste.

ENTER LADY TINDERMOORE L. U. E., *unobserved by* CAPT. B. VON N. *bows to* LADY T.

CAPT. B. Ah, and I shall get one of those kisses if I have to ride over every man 'twixt here and Bowling Green.

LADY T. Good evening, Capt. Bolliner.

CAPT. B. (*bowing*). Lady Tindermoore! Out at this hour?

LADY T. And why not?

CAPT. B. Are you not afraid of influenza?

LADY T. Not in the least. How goes the hunt and why are you not afield?

CAPT. B. I returned for another horse. Mine threw me into a ditch and bolted.

LADY T. Oh, goodness gracious! Are you hurt? Have you been killed? (*Fussing about the* CAPTAIN) You seem all here.

CAPT. B. I assure you, my friend, I am all together. Heart whole and fancy free.

LADY T. (*still paying petty attentions to the* CAPTAIN, *much to his annoyance, he being very much ill at ease*). I am glad of that. For the moment I was frightened. You know, dear Captain, I should hate to see your beautiful form marred by broken limbs.

CAPT. B. There is no danger of that, I assure you.

VON N. Do you wish the horse now, sir?

CAPT. B. Of course.

VON N. Aye, sir. [EXIT R. U. E.

CAPT. B. Oh, you damned idiot.

LADY T. (*startled*). Sir! Did you speak to me?

CAPT. B. Your pardon. I had forgotten. I was addressing our worthy landlord.

LADY T. I understand. (*Looks about*) As I came upon you a moment ago, my dear Captain, I heard you say something about a kiss. Did I hear aright?

CAPT. B. You did. (*With rapture*) I was saying to Von Nostrand I should like to kiss—oh, how I should like to kiss——

LADY T. (*sighs*). Me?

CAPT. B. Yes—no—no—I mean—I mean——

LADY T. (*pats his cheek with fan*). You dear boy. At last you have said it. And I have waited so long too.

CAPT. B. But I——

LADY T. Stop. I will not hear another word. You are so shy, I dare say you wish to recall it. (*With ecstasy*)

But you have said it. You wicked, wicked man. You have said it.

CAPT B. (*aside*). Great heavens. Have I proposed?

LADY T. Oh, George! I do think these spontaneous declarations of love are so beautiful.

CAPT. B. But my dear——

LADY T. Dear? Dear? The man is actually and publicly calling me his dear. Be careful, George. Remember the trees have ears.

CAPT. B. (*aside*). I'll end this farce at once. (*Clears his throat. To* LADY T.) In regard to that kiss, Lady Tindermoore——

LADY T. I know. You want me to give it to you here. But I shall not do it; this is not the proper place.

CAPT. B. (*aside*). Thank heaven.

LADY T. I shall take you into the house and there you shall have as many as the heart desires. (*Pinches his cheek*)

CAPT. B. Er—er—don't do that. I know a man who got blood poisoning that way once.

LADY T. Oh, forgive me. Now, George, that it is all settled, tell me when shall we be married.

CAPT. B. Eh—Gad. I did not know we had got on as far as that.

LADY T. To think of my being a bride. I shall faint at the altar for pure joy. I know I shall.

CAPT. B. (*aside*). And I'll drop dead of heart disease. I know I shall. (*To* LADY T.) My dear Lady—I er—er—said nothing about marriage.

LADY T. I know you didn't.

CAPT. B. (*delighted*). There—there. Why of course you know it.

LADY T. But you thought it. I can read your mind like an open book.

CAPT. B. (*drops in chair*). I'm done.

ENTER VON N. R. U. E.

VON N. Your horse, sir.

CAPT. B. (*jumps up and goes* R. *Aside*). Saved at the last moment.

LADY T. (*at house*). Must you really go?

CAPT. B. Aye. I must, I really must.

LADY T. Heigh-ho! I shall be so lonesome without you. Good-bye for the present. (*Upon steps of house, shakes handkerchief at him coquettishly.* CAPT. B. *fidgets about*) Remember I shall be at the hunt-supper to-night.

[EXIT *into house.*

(Von N. *starts for house chuckling to himself.* Capt. B. *throws riding crop at him;* Von N. *stumbles up steps and into house.* Capt. B. *comes down, picks up riding crop and starts* R.)

ENTER Hugh *and* Jim, L. U. E., *laughing.*

Capt. B. Well, sirs. Who may you be? (Hugh *and* Jim *pull off coon-skins and bow*)

Hugh. Gentlemen of the woods at your service.

Capt. B. Your dress speaks of those accursed Morgan men.

Hugh. These are disguises. We are from Sir John Johnson's forces, and are on our way to New York, where we will deliver to Sir Henry Clinton a verbal message of the utmost importance.

Capt. B. (*to* Hugh). You, sir, I noticed in these parts for some days.

Jim (*crosses to* Capt. B.). You are right, sir, he—— (Hugh *laughs*)

Capt. B. (*to* Hugh). Well, sir? How now?

Hugh. I only coughed, sir. It's a habit I have. I have been waiting here three days for my friend. He was to deliver the message to me. In the meantime——(Jim *coughs*)

Capt. B. (*to* Jim). What is the matter with *you*?

Jim. It's a habit I have. I caught it from Hugh.

Capt. B. Humph. If all Johnson's men are like you two, a fine set of fools they must be. (Hugh *and* Jim *laugh heartily*)

Capt. B. How now? Why this merriment?

Jim. He tickled me in the ribs. That always makes me laugh.

Capt. B. I think you had better get about your business and keep a sharp lookout. Washington's men are scattered about the woods. We caught one on the Upper Road not ten days ago, and he swung from Cunningham Gallows the next morning.

ENTER Hastings, R. U. E., *hurriedly, sees* Hugh *and* Jim. *Draws himself up.*

Hastings. Hello! What the devil!——

Capt. B. Scouts of Johnson's. Gentlemen, Capt. Hastings. (Jim *and* Hugh *salute*)

Capt. B. They are on their way to see Clinton.

HASTINGS. My respects to Sir John and Butler. Is Brant still with the Rangers?

HUGH. Aye, sir.

HASTINGS. Should you reach the North before I do, tell Butler I will join him immediately after the Indian meeting at Thendara.

ENTER VON N. *from house.*

HASTINGS. Landlord, a fresh horse. Mine is at the stable.

VON N. Aye, sir. [EXITS R. U. E.

HASTINGS. Is Mam'selle at the hunt, Captain?

CAPT. B. She has been afield since morning.

HASTINGS. Is he ever coming with that horse? I will see to it myself. [EXITS R. U. E.

CAPT. B. His interview with Sir Henry proved unpleasant, I dare say.

HUGH. Then he has just come from New York?

CAPT. B. Aye. He wants Clinton to drive Washington from West Point into the North, where he and the Rangers will be waiting to engage him.

JIM (*knowingly*). A fine idea.

CAPT. B. So it is. But I think Clinton has but little regard for Hastings, Johnson, Butler or Brant. Their buying of scalps together with their massacres of women and children at Fort Wyoming and Cherry Valley are not pleasing thoughts for a gentleman, as is Sir Henry.

HUGH. Captain Hastings is a friend of Mam'selle Lafayette's, is he not?

CAPT. B. That I cannot say. During the early part of the war it was rumored at Albany that they were betrothed. Hastings left for England and for five years Mam'selle saw nothing of him, though he was in the Colonies fighting in the South.

ENTER LADY T. *from house.*

LADY T. Ah, my dear Captain, still about? And a moment ago you were in such haste.

CAPT. B. (*irritated*). Affairs of State, Madam. Affairs of State.

LADY T. (*comes down from house and goes up* L.). Heigh-ho! Such is a soldier's life. (*Same business with handkerchief*) Remember I shall be at the hunt supper tonight. [EXITS L. U. E.

CAPT. B. That woman will cause me to have a spavin yet. I can feel it. [EXIT R. U. E.

JIM. A fine pair, those two.

HUGH (*as if to himself*). She and Hastings were once betrothed.

JIM. Eh?

HUGH. I was thinking of Hastings and his brutal massacre of the women and children at Fort Wyoming.

JIM. Have a care of your speech, man. If folks hereabouts once get the least suspicion that we are Morgan men our lives won't be worth a mug of ale.

HUGH (*restless*). I am restless and anxious to be North again.

JIM. Look here, Hugh. Has this love affair caused you to be restless and long for the trail?

HUGH. Do I look like an idiot?

JIM. No, you do not. But then looks are deceiving.

HUGH (*laughing, slaps* JIM *on the back, then throws himself on rustic bench*). Aye, man, I have thought of her, I have dreamed of her. You would have done the same, did you know her as I do. Jim, you should see her eyes, and she has eyes. They speak a language I know not and yet I understand.

JIM. Take a fool's advice, Hugh, and have a care of a woman's eyes. They have sent more men to perdition than have all the sins of Rome.

HUGH. You should have a Bible under your arm and not a gun. You preach, friend, as well as you shoot.

JIM. It pains me not to be able to say the same for your wisdom. I am here to give you orders, and you talk to me of a lady, who from your description should be sitting on a cloud playing a harp, instead of walking on this earth keeping good Continentals from doing their duty.

HUGH. Then, my preaching scalp hunter, we will have done with ladies, love and sentiment. Now I am ready to receive orders.

JIM (*lowers his voice*). There will be an Indian here at sunset who will give you a message which you are to deliver at West Point.

HUGH. I don't know the trail.

JIM. The Indian will show it to you.

HUGH. Is Washington still there?

JIM. He left for the South ten days ago.

HUGH. What does this message contain?

JIM. Colonel Alden expects the Rangers will attempt their Cherry Valley movement at Johnstown and Broadalbin.

HUGH. Where is Washington bound for?

JIM. Yorktown, Virginia.

HUGH. Why, man, Lee is there, so are Sumter, Pickens and Morgan.

JIM. And Lafayette will soon be there. The French fleet has already sailed for the Chesapeake.

HUGH. Which means Clinton is duped and Cornwallis will be taken. Jim, that will be the death blow to this bloody strife.

JIM. And well George the Virginian knows it. There are a few men still at West Point. This message you will carry, is a request to have them march North and aid us in checking Hastings and Butler, should they begin their fiendish work at Broadalbin and Johnstown.

ENTER SILVER BEAR L. U. E., *comes down and shakes hands with* JIM.)

SILVER BEAR. How.

JIM. How.

S. B. (*to* HUGH). How.

HUGH. How.

S. B. (*points to* HUGH). Him Campbell?

JIM. Yes.

S. B. (*hands* HUGH *document*). From White Chief. Take up to West Point.

HUGH. When do I start?

S. B. Me show trail. Not yet. No good time. When soldier cross at bridge. Then quick—Pass. Good.

HUGH. You mean when they change the guard at the bridge?

S. B. Ugh. You speak true.

JIM. How soon will that be?

S. B. See! Look. (*Points off* L. U. E.) Sun him go down. Soon him no more. One, two hour, bird him no call. Then me come for you. In North soon much fight. Much sign in woods on ground. Injun go North. White man go North. Fire burn on mountain. Wise men of Long House go North. Soon much fight. (*Takes axe and holds it against his cheek*) See, axe him feel warm. Axe him never lie. [EXIT L. U. E.

HUGH. You heard what he said about the tribes going North? It is true then that they will strike Johnstown.

JIM. Those folks up there are safe until the snow flies, and then with the help of God and a few more rifles we may be able to drill holes into Hastings and the Royal Green Rangers.

ENTER HASTINGS, R. U. E., *and crosses to house.*

HASTINGS. You are still here, eh? Why are you not about your business?

HUGH. We are waiting for the darkness to settle.

HASTINGS (*sarcastically*). I dare say. I have some advice to give you, gentlemen. Be careful you are not taken for spies. That is all. Good evening. [EXIT *into house.*

JIM. He suspects us.

HUGH (*up stage*). Aye. That is why he returned. (*Looks off* L.) Jim, an Indian girl.

JIM. Where?

HUGH. Yonder; she is keeping close to the hedge. I will keep to the brush and have her covered. It may be a trap. (JIM *goes behind tree*) [EXIT HUGH R. U. E.

ENTER SINGING WATER L. U. E. *Looks in at door of house.*

JIM (*comes down*). Well, squaw, what think you of the weather?

SINGING WATER (*without turning her head*). I look for rain.

JIM. I see there is something else astir to-night besides the owl and the fox. Come, turn your face this way, mayhap I will know it.

(SING. W. *turns, but does not look up.*)

JIM. No, I think we have never met.

SING. W. (*in former position*). And yet I know *you.*

JIM. Gad, girl, you use good English.

SING. W. I was educated in London.

JIM. You say you know my name? What is it?

SING. W. They call you Jim. You are of Tryon County.

JIM. Good. Now let us have your name.

SING. W. (*turns toward him with head erect*). Can it be that you have so soon forgotten me, Jim?

JIM. Gad O' Mercy. 'Tis Singing Water.

SING. W. (*places her hands in his*). Jim of the woods. The same Jim of old.

JIM. Singing Water. I can hardly believe it.

SING. W. Then you have sometimes given a passing thought to me?

JIM. Oft upon a lonely trail have I let my thoughts wander out to you and the days we played together in the great North woods.

SING. W. And I in that far-away city had but to shut

my eyes and I could see you standing by the upper Hudson. Ah! How I longed for a sight of you and that old river once again.

JIM. Then you will keep your promise, Singing Water? Your promise made to me by that same old Hudson? 'Twas my fault we parted, I was to blame.

SING. W. Wait. I have much to say to you. First, I have a mission to perform here. My horse is at the cross-roads. Wait for me there.

JIM (*kisses her hand*). I will wait at the cross-roads. Hasten, we will have but a short time. I start for Fondas Bush to-night. [EXIT L. U. E.

(SING. W. *follows him up and looks off.*)

ENTER HASTINGS *from house.*

HASTINGS. Humph. Gone, eh? It is well they have. (*Goes* R.)

(SINGING WATER *comes down and touches him on the arm.*)

HASTINGS (*turns quickly*). Singing Water. Why are you here?

SINGING W. For three days did I wait for you by the banks of the Cayuga. Three times did the sun slowly rise, and three times did it go to sleep on its couch of fire, and yet you came not. In my dreams Hiawatha came and pointed to the falling waters of thunder. There I journeyed and there the soldiers told me of your coming here. They laughed and told me to find you if I could. So I came and found you.

HASTINGS. This Indian metaphor tells me nothing. Why are you here?

SING. W. The tribes are murmuring that my heart is white. That I am a white man's wife and yet I am not.

HASTINGS. So? And what would you have of me?

SING. W. I would have you take me before the council fires and proclaim me as your wife, and thus wipe out this doubt in the eyes of my people. It is in your power to banish my disgrace, for I am your wife.

HASTINGS. Soon you will request me to take you before the guests here and openly profess my love for you.

SING. W. That you have ceased to love me I know. Yet grant me this one favor. I shall be more than grateful. I will turn my face to the setting sun and go forth—out of my country—out of thy life. I am waiting for thy answer.

HASTINGS. Then hear it and understand it well. It is *no.*

SING. W. You will not say I am your wife?

HASTINGS. Now and for all times, *no.*

SING. W. You will not say I am your wife?

HASTINGS. Now and for all times,—*no.*

SING. W. (*working up to dramatic climax*). Your reason?

HASTINGS. If you must have it you shall. Our marriage was but a romance of an Indian summer. The man who tied the bonds of matrimony between us had not the power.

SING. W. And you did know this then?

HASTINGS. On my honor as a soldier I did not.

SING. W. A lie! Was it not by that same honor that you did speak to me of love? Was it not by that same honor that you did take me for your wife? Was it not——

HASTINGS. Silence. I have had enough. Stay here and speak to the trees if you must. You tire me. Go back to your people, the tepee and the blanket. Go and profit by your lesson.

SING. W. I will return to my people. Remember I am still the Cherry Girl. They believe I have inherited the spirit of Hiawatha and that I speak through the soul of the Great Chief. If you do not take me before the council at Thendara and make me white in the eyes of my people, I will take an oath and swear that it is the Great Chief's wish to have every tribe in the Long House turn against the English.

HASTINGS. You would not dare to turn my Indians against me.

SING. W. (*scornfully*). Your Indians? (*Proudly*) My Indians. I am the Indian,—you are the white. I have done, Captain Hastings. Remember I will await you at Thendara.

[EXIT L. U. E.

(*Bugle heard off* R.)

HASTINGS. Before the sun rises on Thendara, your spirit will be wandering with that of your immortal Hiawatha.

(*Bugle is heard nearer.*)

HASTINGS. The hunters return. I must contrive some way to prevent that girl from seeing Mam'selle.

ENTER LADY TINDERMOORE L. U. E.

LADY T. Ah! Captain Hastings.

HASTINGS (*bows*). Lady Tindermoore,—it is a pleasure to see you.

LADY T. (*gushingly*). Do you really think so?

HASTINGS. Did I not say it? I am not counted much as a liar.

LADY T. Oh! Do forgive me. I declare I have said the wrong thing again. I am unused to men. It seems I shall never know their ways.

HASTINGS. A rare pity. You are surely old enough.

LADY T. Old? Old! Indeed! I am but six and——

HASTINGS. And sixty. You see I am not such a fool as I look.

LADY T. And you don't look the fool that you are.

HASTINGS. Now you are trying to be sarcastic.

LADY T. (*courtesying*). You are wrong again. I save that for gentlemen.

HASTINGS. Perhaps when you grow older, if such a thing be possible, you will then learn that it takes a wise man to play the fool.

LADY T. Is that intended as a compliment to yourself?

HASTINGS. You may look upon it in that light if it pleases you best.

LADY T. Then indeed you are to be congratulated. You play the fool to perfection. Far too natural, I should say, to be merely acting.

HASTINGS. Age, age, you make babbling babies of us all. (*Laughs*) [EXITS *into house.*

LADY T. I fancy he received enough sarcasm to satisfy him for one day. Ah me! We of the old school were all versed in that sort of thing.

ENTER SALLY *running* R. U. E. *and down* L., *laughing, closely followed by* COLVERT, CLINTON *and* BOLLINER, *together with other hunters.*

ALL (*shouting*). The reward—the reward—we want the kiss.

SALLY. Fie, men, fie! Are ye not ashamed to be clamoring after a kiss like so many wild Indians? And some of you are married men too.

COLVERT. What matters that? We are the better able to judge a good thing when we get it. (*All laugh*)

CLINTON. I stand by Colvert.

CAPT. B. And I.

SALLY. Gentlemen, sure I cannot kiss you all. And for the life of me I cannot tell which of ye gained the reward.

ALL. 'Twas I—I—me—I won it.

LADY T. May I inquire the meaning of all this hilarity?

SALLY (*runs behind* LADY T. *to shield herself*). These

gentlemen, dear aunt, insist upon kissing me, and really I gave them no encouragement at all—at all.

LADY T. For shame all of you. Half your number are old enough to be this girl's father.

COLVERT. And the rest young enough to be her brothers. So we see no reason why we should not get our reward. (*Wipes mouth with handkerchief*) And I for one am going to have that kiss. (*Starts forward*)

LADY T. How dare you, sir?

COLVERT. I don't think I want that kiss.

LADY T. Why in the name of our good King George should you want to kiss this innocent child? Now if you must hold my niece to some foolish promise, I will take her pledge upon my shoulders. So—now, gentlemen, you may kiss *me*. (SALLY *laughs*)

LADY T. Mam'selle.

SALLY (*assumes air of injured innocence*). Yes, aunt.

LADY T. Gentlemen, I am waiting.

(*Men look at one another, turn and* EXIT *into house singing chorus of "Sally in Our Alley" Song ends with laughter in the house.* COLVERT, CAPT. B. *and* CLINTON *remain seated on steps of house.*)

And pray, gentlemen, what are you waiting for? (SALLY *laughs*)

LADY T. Mam'selle.

SALLY (*same business*). Yes, aunt.

LADY T. Well?

COLVERT. We won a kiss and we want it.

CAPT. B. So say we all of us.

LADY T. Capt. Bolliner, you will save your kisses for—shall I say for whom?

CAPT. B. No—no—no. (*Aside to* COLVERT) That woman will cause me to have St. Vitus' dance yet, I know it.

COLVERT. Aye.

SALLY. Gentlemen, do you really want to hold me to my promise?

ALL. We do, we will.

SALLY. Then I will grant you the reward, but first you must swear to comply with any request I might make of you, and this must be granted before I give the reward. On your honor as gentlemen, do ye swear?

ALL. We swear.

SALLY. Then by St. Patrick you shall have the reward.

ALL. Ah!

SALLY. But first I want each and every one of you to kiss Aunt Fanny, remember ye did take an oath.

(COLVERT *beckons* CLINTON *and* CAPT. B. *down* L. *He picks up straws and all three engage in business.*)

SALLY. Come, sirs! What are you about?

COLVERT. We are drawing straws to see who will kiss her first.

SALLY. I will decide that. Captain Clinton, you are first.

(CLINTON, *very much to his dislike, crosses and kisses* LADY T. *on the cheek.*)

LADY T. Oh, isn't this excellent sport! Never have I enjoyed a game so much since the good old days at court.

CLINTON (*dryly*). I am glad you like it.

SALLY. Now, Captain Bolliner.

CAPT. B. (*aside to* COLVERT). This will cause me to have inflammation of the occiput, I know it.

(CAPT B. *has same business as* CLINTON. *On his approach* LADY T. *has business of blushing and fidgeting about; she sighs.*)

CAPT. B. (*aside to* COLVERT). This will cause me to have dropsy or something, I know it.

SALLY. And now comes Sir Peter. (COLVERT *braces himself and quickly waddles over to* LADY T. *gives her a quick hug and kiss*).

LADY T. Sir Peter!

COLVERT. There. These things are like pulling teeth. The sooner you have it over the better.

LADY T. Gentlemen, I have had a most delightful game, and sometime we shall play at it again. [EXIT *into house.*

CLINTON (*to* SALLY). Now, my lady, we will hold you to your promise.

SALLY (*startled*). Eh?

COLVERT. Surround her, boys.

(*They surround* SALLY *and slowly close in. She darts under their guard and runs up to steps of house.* COLVERT, CAPT. B., *and* CLINTON *fall into each other's arms.*)

SALLY (*laughing*). Gentlemen, let me give you a piece of sound advice. Never ask a girl for a kiss, because if she is a good girl she will say nay, and if she is a bad girl, you don't have to ask her. [EXIT *into house.*

(*The men look blankly at each other, then with hands behind their backs, one after the other they* EXIT *into house.*)

ENTER HUGH R. U. E. *Shades his eyes with his hand and looks off* L. *Starts, looks toward house, then steps behind tree. Sunset effect. The West is off* L.

ENTER HASTINGS *from house.*

HASTINGS. I do not trust those two scouts. I will warn the guards at the bridge. [EXIT R. U. E.

(*As* HASTINGS *walks behind tree,* HUGH *moves around to the front. Stands looking* R.)

ENTER SALLY, *cautiously from behind house, sees* HUGH, *starts.*

SALLY (*aside*). Oh, there is my stranger! (*Coughs to attract his attention.*)

HUGH (*turns quickly, pulls off coonskins and bows*). Mam'selle.

SALLY. I thought you were to leave to-day.

HUGH. I do, to-night.

SALLY. I shall miss you, my stranger, and perhaps we shall never meet again.

HUGH. Why do you always call me stranger?

SALLY. Because, 'tis the only name I know you by.

HUGH. My name is Hugh Campbell, Mam'selle.

SALLY. And mine is not Mam'selle Lafayette. Because I did once stand for the Marquis in a discussion, I was nicknamed Lafayette.

HUGH. And your real name? What is it?

SALLY (*as if lamenting*). Sally McGuire.

HUGH. I knew from the first you were not French.

SALLY. Indeed! And how could you tell, pray?

HUGH. The burr on your tongue betrayed you.

SALLY. The brogue is it? Mind ye are not stung by its needles, my fine stranger.

HUGH. Have you not known me long enough to call me by my Christian name?

SALLY. Oh yes, I have known you a long time. Three days. (*Laughs*)

HUGH. The only three days I have ever known. (*Soft music*)

SALLY. Ah! And they have been happy days for me too. The long walks in the woods where you first taught me wood-

craft, the secret of the trees, the sermons in the stones and the reading of the signs along the trail. I loved the trees before, I shall reverence them now.

HUGH. Why?

SALLY. Perhaps it is because it was you who first taught me their secrets. And mayhap 'tis because their silence demands respect. They know so much and speak so little. (*Lowers her voice*) Do they speak to you to-night? What do they say?

HUGH. They speak to-night of love. I have been to the forest where I first met you, and heard there the echo of my own heart. How proud and stately are those trees, for you have been there and they have held you as their own.

SALLY (*startled*). I—I——

HUGH. Nay, do not say you cannot love me. I am not the fool to ask your love or to expect it. Let me live in this Paradise of my own making. To-night I will say farewell. The lone trail will be lonelier, the trees more silent and the north wind more biting. But my heart will be warmer, for you have kindled there a fire that will never die.

SALLY. Stranger, forgive me.

HUGH. There is nothing to forgive.

SALLY. Ah! There is. I have wronged you deeply. Believe me I am not worthy of so great a love as yours.

HUGH. I understand you love——

SALLY. I love no one, and yet I cannot love you. That would be a sin, a grievous sin. Some day mayhap you will know all, but not now. Not now. Give me your hand, stranger, and with it farewell. (HUGH *takes her hand*) I shall not leave until the moon has dropped behind the hill. 'Till then, good-night. (*Music stops*)

ENTER HASTINGS R. U. E. *Goes* L. *speaks very quietly.*

HASTINGS. Mam'selle.

SALLY (*aside to* HUGH). Go quickly. (*Bows to* HASTINGS) Captain.

HASTINGS. Still waiting for nightfall, my noble friend?

HUGH. I am, sir.

HASTINGS. You have put your spare moments to a good use, I judge from your present occupation. (HUGH *starts forward*)

SALLY (*aside to* HUGH). For my sake.

HUGH. I will wait for the moon to wane, Captain Hastings, before I start. Mam'selle, your last lesson in woodcraft is finished, I will say good night.

HASTINGS. Ah! So you have been teaching the lady to read the signs. You of the woods should know the lore of the heavens as well. With the waning of the moon there sinks a life. Look well to yourself, my friend.

HUGH (*goes to* L. U. E.). I will care for my life. Do you do likewise with your own. [EXIT L. U. E.

HASTINGS. (*goes up and looks after him. Then after short pause*). Mam'selle.

SALLY. Well?

HASTINGS. You are not overjoyed at seeing me. Have I him to thank for that?

SALLY (*assumes careless manner*). Jealous?

HASTINGS. No. But I mistrust that fellow. I doubt not he is a spy.

SALLY. Still on the lookout for spies of the enemy? You have changed but little, Walter, in all these years.

HASTINGS. With me, my King comes first, last and always, after my duty to you,—my wife.

SALLY (*startled*). Please—not so loud.

HASTINGS. And why not? Sooner or later the world must know.

SALLY. I realize that, but—wait—wait—please.

HASTINGS. Wait? Ah! I have waited,—waited long. Kept the secret of our marriage until I cannot longer keep silent. I love you, Mam'selle, better than my country, better than my life.

SALLY. But I have never loved you, Walter; I never can and never will.

HASTINGS. My love is strong enough for us both. You said you loved me once,—you will again.

SALLY. I was but a child then. You fascinated me by the air of mystery in which you clothed yourself. I can see now that it was not love I felt for you, but regard. What does a girl of fifteen know of the passion men call love? The night you came to me with a clergyman and we were married seems but a dark dream of yesterday to me now. Ah! You didn't do right, Walter. You didn't do right.

HASTINGS. Still you are my wife.

SALLY. Then the moment after we were married you left me and I saw no more of you for five years. It was all a trick, I, a girl and you, a——

HASTINGS. A man who loved. It was, as you say, a trick, I loved you and feared that during the five years I was to be away you would learn to care for another. (*Laughter is*

heard in the house) To-night they will know the truth, and to-morrow we leave for the North together.

SALLY. Nay, not to-night. To-morrow, if you must, you can tell the world, but not to-night.

HASTINGS. (*kisses her hand*). My wife. (*Attempts to embrace her*)

SALLY (*shrinks away*). Careful,—someone is coming.

ENTER CLINTON *from house.*

CLINTON. Captain, the boys are asking for you, they would have a solo on the mandolin or guitar before we dress for supper.

HASTINGS. Tell them that——

SALLY (*aside to* HASTINGS). Go, I would be alone. Remember your promise.

HASTINGS. I will. Come, Captain, I will play for you and the boys to-night as I never played before, come.

[EXIT *into house.*

CLINTON. Are you not coming, Mam'selle?

SALLY. Not now.

CLINTON. There is a tear on your cheek.

SALLY (*turning away*). A tear? No, I think not.

CLINTON. Aye, but there is. Is he the cause of it?

SALLY. Of course not. Why should I weep? I am happy to-night, I dare say I caught some dust in my eye—that is all.

CLINTON (*with double meaning*). Mayhap that is true—A wise man once said that a woman will hide her tears and sorrow as the dove hides its wound. And, Mam'selle, you are a woman.

VOICES (*call in house*). Clinton! Clinton!

CLINTON. They are calling me. Your pardon.

[EXIT *into house.*

(*Mandolin solo is heard in the house.*)

SALLY. His wife. His wife by a trick. Why after all these years should I now be his? Oh, my woods,—my trees! To-morrow I must leave you. You have heard my secrets, whisper not one word of it to my stranger, it would hurt him and mayhap cause him to hate me. Impart to me your silence that I might prevent my lips from telling him of my love. (*Cries softly—head and arm resting against tree*)

ENTER HUGH L. U. E. *Speaks softly.*

HUGH. Mam'selle. (SALLY *sobs*) You are crying.

SALLY. No, just thinking, that is all.

HUGH. You would be alone. I will leave you. (*Starts left, pauses and turns*) Mam'selle, I watched you and Captain Hastings from the knoll yonder. What is there between you and this man?

SALLY. Nothing, and yet—much. Oh, so very much!

HUGH (*with a tinge of sarcasm*). I think I understand. Again, good night.

SALLY. Stranger, wait, I cannot let you go thus. (*Holds out her hand*) Hugh!

HUGH (*takes her hand*). You called me Hugh. That one word will be my guide to the North.

SALLY. Ah! But to me you will always be my stranger. Cannot you who are so wise in reading the signs of the woods understand a woman's heart?

HUGH. I think I could read yours, but I do not dare.

SALLY. Then I will read it for you. Stranger,—Hugh! I love you.

HUGH. Mam'selle! (*He is about to take her in his arms.* SALLY *resists him in a half dazed manner, realizing her own indiscretion*)

SALLY (*in intense whisper*). Wait, give me time to think, I ask it in the name of Heaven. Oh, the ghastly imprudence of it all!

HUGH (*takes her in his arms*). You are mine,—mine!

SALLY. Yes, I am yours. But it's wrong, all wrong. (*Faints in his arms*)

HUGH. Fainted!

(*Music ceases in house with applause and laughter.* HUGH *raises his head and listens,—then bends and kisses* SALLY. *Same time* SINGING WATER ENTERS L. U. E., *and* HASTINGS *from house; neither are observed by* HUGH. HASTINGS *draws pistol about to fire when* SINGING WATER *comes quickly down and stands on firing line.* HASTINGS *slowly lowers pistol.* HUGH, *who is down* R. *as before, observes none of this business, but continues to hold* SALLY *in the same embrace. As the curtain descends the chorus of "Sally in Our Alley" is heard in house.*)

SLOW CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Colonial interior. Doors right and left. Door in flat up stage. Left of door, large old-fashioned window. Large table left of center, chairs about table and stage. Candelabras and candles set about. Small table and writing material up near window. Fireplace up, at right. At rise* SILVER BEAR *is* DISCOVERED *seated on floor looking into fire.*

ENTER VON NOSTRAND *and crosses up* R.

VON N. Still waiting, Silver Bear?

S. B. Ugh.

VON N. Well, well; she will soon be here no doubt. [EXIT R.

ENTER SINGING WATER D. I. F.

SING. W. Father.

S. B. Singing Water; from whence comes my Singing Water?

SING. W. From the waters of the Cayuga.

S. B. You did see him—Hastings?

SING. W. Yes.

S. B. What say him?

SING. W. He will not listen.

S. B. Ugh.

SING. W. He loves another now. A pale-face. Oh, why did I ever learn the story of a white man's love? Why did I have to learn their teaching and their books? Why did they show me the light of knowledge, that only makes the darkness of my humiliation a hundred-fold darker? Why, why was I ever born? (*Throws her arm across eyes and weeps*)

S. B. (*throws her arm down*). Ugh.—No cry. You Injun—Injun never cry. Pale-face—heart like water—tear come in eye—him cry. Me see Hastings. If him no take you by council at Thendara me kill him. Dog of Mohawk.

SING. W. See, father! Singing Water cries no more.

S. B. Me fix canoe. Tell man Campbell moon soon be out. Me soon come. Then he come quick. (*Points out of door*) See sign on mountain—me see what him say. [EXIT D. I. F.

ENTER Von N. *business of lighting candles—Lights up.*

Von N. Ah! Singing Water, where is the Indian, your father, I left here but a moment ago?

Sing. W. He has gone to attend his canoe.

Von N. My guests have all gone home to dress and arrange their toilets before supper. There will be much merry making here to-night and songs that will awaken the good folks of Sleepy Hollow. [EXITS R. U. E.

ENTER Hugh D. I. F., *laughing. Lights pipe at candles.*

Sing. W. You make merry, friend, for one who has just escaped death.

Hugh. Escaped death? How?

Sing. W. To-night when you held the white girl in your arms beneath the big elm, love blinded you and you did not see that Captain Hastings stood in the shadow of the ivy vines and saw you. Heed my warning. Beware of this man.

Hugh. Who are you that gives this warning?

Sing. W. I am Singing Water—daughter of Silver Bear. My father leaves this message for you, he will return soon. Wait. [EXIT D. I. F.

ENTER Sally L.

Sally. Stranger.

Hugh. Mam'selle.

Sally. You must leave here at once. I heard Captain Hastings say he suspected you of being a spy. Is it true? Do you fear to tell me? Your secret will be safe, and should aught happen to harm you I want to know the truth so that I might help you.

Hugh. I have a letter from Colonel Alden directed to the Commander at West Point asking for reinforcements. It is expected that Hastings and Butler will attempt to massacre Johnstown before the snow flies.

Sally. Then you must leave here at once.

Hugh. I am waiting for the Indian guide to show me the trail.

Sally. Go at once. Delays are dangerous.

Hugh. I will.

Sally. Hugh, if we should never meet again——

Hugh. Don't say that. We shall meet again.

Sally. Who can tell? If in the years to come when all this strife is over, if you should hear of some terrible wrong I had done you, remember then that the sin of Sally McGuire's love was in loving you too well.

HUGH (*takes her in his arms*). Sally.

SALLY (*gently puts him off*). No, no, Hugh, you must not. (HUGH *kisses her hand*)

ENTER HASTINGS D. I. F.

HASTINGS. Drop that lady's hand.

SALLY (*intense whisper*). Walter.

HUGH. May I ask by what right, sir, you so far overstep the bounds of honor?

HAST. It is you, not I, who have offended in that direction. Sir, that lady is my wife.

HUGH (*releases* SALLY'S *hand*). Mam'selle.

SALLY (*looks at him imploringly, then bows her head. Aside*). My punishment has come.

HUGH (*aside*). And this is the end of all. (*Speaks to* HASTINGS *in broken sentences*) My ignorance of this lady's marriage—is the only excuse—I have to offer for the ardent friendship we had already formed. I humbly ask your pardon, sir.

HAST. It is freely granted. I am over sensitive and dare say I spoke somewhat hastily, as I did harshly. I trust you, friend, and as proof, you may take your leave of my wife without my being a witness. [EXITS L.

SALLY (*placing her hand on* HUGH'S *arm*). That is a trick. I know him well. His pretended trust is but a ruse.

(HUGH *gently but firmly pushes her arm off*)

SALLY. Forgive me, I had forgotten all save that you were in danger.

HUGH. And for weeks you have forgotten your duty as his wife.

SALLY. Stranger!

HUGH. Don't call me by that name. Once it held for me the sweetness of the bell in yonder church. Now it only echoes like a sepulchre.

SALLY. No, no; you don't understand. Your love was the conqueror, you are the victor, I am the sinner, I am weak.

HUGH. Victory! That belongs to *you*. You succeeded in teaching me to love, and you knew full well that when at last you triumphed, your marriage would be flung in my face as an insurmountable barrier.

SALLY. Hugh!

HUGH. Such is the victory. You are welcome to it. It is yours.

SALLY. Don't accuse me, Hugh. Let my love be my accuser. Heaven knows that will cause me suffering enough.

HUGH. Love. The word of idiots. Where once in my heart there grew a mighty love, I find a hatred that——

SALLY. Ah! Stop, stop, stop! I can't bear it. He in there came to me on my fifteenth birthday. He came to say farewell. I never loved him, yet he fascinated me and wrung through my vanity a secret betrothal. That night he brought a clergyman with him, he said he was there only to witness our engagement. Out in the grove that man of God or the devil asked me questions which I answered. Those were the words that bound me to him. God! How they ring in my ears now. For five years I saw nothing of him. Yet believe me he has never held me in his arms for one instant's caress. Then—then I met *you*. From the moment I saw you I knew what love might be. I tried to tell you the truth but could not, knowing full well it would end the only happiness I had ever known. (*Weeps*) I—I—was mad to-night when I said I loved you—I wanted to feel your arms about me before we parted to meet no more. Pity me, Hugh,—pity me, but don't, don't hate me I—I—am too mean a thing for even that. (*Drops in chair sobbing—head in arms on table.* HUGH *starts to take her in his arms*)

ENTER SILVER BEAR D. I. F. *Comes down, touches* HUGH *on shoulder and points off.*

S. B. Now—come—quick! (HUGH *goes slowly toward* D. I. F., *hesitates, then turns with outstretched arms to* SALLY) No wait—hurry—come. [EXIT HUGH, D. I. F.

SCENE II.—*A wood. Scene is run on in first-grooves, shutting out the previous scene.*

ENTER TWO SOLDIERS, R. *They look around them.*

FIRST SOLDIER (*nodding*). Yes, this is where we strike the trail to the bridge. Captain Hastings' orders were plain enough,—we are to follow this trail and conceal ourselves at the bridge so as to head off Hugh Campbell.

SECOND SOLDIER. That's all right—but what's your hurry? (*Looks off* R. *with hand above his eyes*) Wasn't the old Indian to guide him as far as this trail?

FIRST S. Sure.

SECOND S. I wonder what old Silver Bear has got mixed up in it.

FIRST S. It is pretty well known that Silver Bear hates

Captain Hastings with a deadly hatred. The reason is not known. Indians don't talk much,—they brood, they plot,—they bide their time—and then—it may be bad for the Captain. But all *we* have to do is to obey orders. (*Looks off* R.) Hullo! They are coming We must be off.

[EXIT BOTH L.

(*After a few moments' pause,* SILVER BEAR *is seen at* R., *head low down, spying around; then disappears.*

ENTER SILVER BEAR, R., *followed by* HUGH.

SILVER BEAR. Come—all clear—this the trail—all right—leads to bridge—good. Come—hurry——

CAMPBELL (*stopping*). No! I cannot leave her—I care not—I *must* go back. She loves me. And I—Oh, God! His wife!

S. B. White man crazy—Go back? Ugh! You hang—*that* make pale-face squaw much happy—eh? Fool—go—the bridge—then free. One moon—two moons—you go see white squaw again—you no hang—you much live—go—the bridge—Go. (*Points* L.) Me go back. [EXIT R.

CAMPBELL. I would die for her—but no—I—will—live—for—her. [EXIT L.

SCENE II. *is withdrawn, bringing Scene I. again to view. All the hunters are discovered around table. Large bowl of punch on same.* COLVERT *is standing on chair.* CLINTON *is sitting with feet outstretched down* R. *with glass of punch and pipe. Bolliner same down* L. HASTINGS *reclining against table. Curtain goes up on chorus of "Sally in Our Alley." At end of song* ENTER LADY TINDERMOORE. R.

COLVERT. A toast to Lady Tindermoore.
ALL. A toast.
CLINTON. A poetical toast is just the thing.
CAPT. B. Then let us hear from Colvert.
ALL. Colvert—Colvert!
COLVERT (*clears his throat*).

Marriage is marriage
And looks are looks,
Don't judge the inside,
From the covers of books.
When a man marries
His fetters he'll forge——

LADY T. (*patting* CAPT. B. *on the cheek*). So drink off your toast, to me and my George.

CAPT. B. I'm going to have an attack of the pink eye, I know it. (ALL *laugh*)

COLVERT. Here, some of you, help me down from this perch.

HAST. Jump, Sir Peter.

LADY T. Gracious, do not tell him to jump or his legs will break off like pipe stems.

ENTER SALLY D. I. F.

SALLY. Quick, the rebels are coming.

ALL. Where?

SALLY. Yonder, over the hill.

HAST. This way, men. (*Bus. of great consternation.* ALL EXIT L. *talking.* (COLVERT *jumps down from chair and starts* R.)

SALLY. Sir Peter. The rebels are coming this way.

COLVERT. Aye. I know that. That's why I'm going this way. [EXIT R.

(SALLY *drops in chair* R. *of table and laughs heartily.*)

LADY T. Sally, child, how can you laugh in the face of all this danger.

SALLY. Danger is it? Where?

LADY T. Why, the rebels.

SALLY. Sure there are none. I said that to see them scamper. There's a fiend in me to-night.

LADY T. Sh—you must not speak so.

SALLY. And why not? To-night I lost all that life held dear. It seems as if my very soul had left me. I am so desolate, so—so—no, I won't cry, I should be thankful he has escaped Hastings, they cannot hang him now.

LADY T. Of whom are you speaking?

SALLY. Of the man I love.

LADY T. Hush, child, remember you are engaged to Captain Hastings.

SALLY. But he must break our pledge—I won't have it. He must allow me to go free.

LADY T. I fear he will never give his consent to such a procedure.

SALLY. But he will. I have a way of making him. Wait and see. (*Starts up* C.)

LADY T. Where are you going?

SALLY. To the devil. [EXIT D. I. F.

LADY T. Mercy on us, the child is possessed.

[EXIT *after her.*

ENTER CAPT. BOLLINER *and* CLINTON, *carrying pillows behind them.*

CAPT. B. As I expected, our bird has flown.

CLINTON. A nice trick to play us.

CAPT. B. Did you notice Hasting's face when he saw there were no rebels?

CLINTON. Indeed I did, and a more sour face I never saw.

(COLVERT *puts his head in door* R.)

COLVERT. Are they all gone?

CLINTON. Colvert! And hiding.

COLVERT. And why not? For a good many years I have taken good care of myself, and I see no need now why I should become a target for rebel rifle practice. Where are the rebels?

CAPT. B. That was a joke of Mam'selle's.

COLVERT. What have you behind your backs?

CLINTON. Pillows. We are going to pay Mam'selle, here is one for you.

COLVERT. Where did old Lady Tindermoore get to?

CAPT. B. Heaven only knows. That woman will cause me to have fits yet, I know it.

COLVERT. Hark! I hear a petticoat.

CLINTON. Where?

COLVERT. Coming across the lawn.

CAPT. B. It's Mam'selle. (*All three arrange themselves on either side of* D. I. F. *with pillows upraised*)

ENTER LADY T., D. I. F., *and gets full benefit of the pillows.* COLVERT, BOLLINER *and* CLINTON *dart out of different doors.* LADY T. *comes down, picks up tongs from fire place and with determination* EXITS *same as* COLVERT.

ENTER SALLY, D. I. F. *She has* SILVER BEAR *by the hand. He comes on reluctantly.*

SALLY. You must tell me. Where is he they call Campbell? Is he safe?

S. B. Him safe. Me have put him on straight trail. Then me come back. Him safe.

SALLY. And there is no possible chance of their capturing him?

S. B. Him sure go over bridge. They no get him. Him safe. Me no lie.

SALLY. Ah! I'm so glad of that,—so glad.

LADY T. (*off stage* L.). Mam'selle! Mam'selle!

SALLY. I'm coming, Aunt. I'm coming. [EXIT L.

(SILVER BEAR *starts to* EXIT D. I. F.—HASTINGS ENTERS *same, starts.*)

HASTINGS. Silver Bear.

S. B. Ugh. Me want much talk with you.

HASTINGS. Not now, I am in haste.

S. B. Me say you must talk.

HASTINGS. Well! What is it?

S. B. You take my Singing Water for wife like white man. Now you say she no your squaw. She got um much shame in eyes of people.

HASTINGS. Is that all you have to tell me?

S. B. No. Me want you to take Singing Water before council at Thendara, say, see—my squaw, my wife. Then me go to Happy Hunting Grounds with much joy on head.

HASTINGS. And if I refuse? If I say no?

S. B. No? Ugh. Look, me Silver Bear, me got eighty winters now on head, but when you dog of Mohawk say no, then me kill dog who walk on my flower and crush her to ground.

HASTINGS. I am sorely troubled with affairs of State. I must have time to think of this.

S. B. (*at* D. I. F.). Me give plenty time—till sun come up, 'till him go down, me wait for you. If you no come—then me kill. Me no lie. Me no go far away. [EXIT D. I. F.

ENTER SALLY L.

SALLY. What was that Indian saying to you?

HASTINGS. Nothing.

SALLY. Nothing?

HASTINGS. You heard me aright. Nothing that concerns you. Mam'selle, your horse will be ready at sunrise, you go north in the morning.

SALLY. Not with you.

HASTINGS. Am I to understand that you refuse to go with me?

SALLY. I do.

HASTINGS. Are you aware that to-night I am going to tell the guests here that you are my wife?

SALLY. Tell them. What matters it? Nevertheless I will be free from you.

HASTINGS. And if I tell them of your love affair with this scout.

SALLY. You may tell them of that also.

HASTINGS. Have you no thought of honor?

SALLY. Honor? What care I for the shred of it that is left? Everything has been taken from me—why not that?

HASTINGS. Lacking even in this I would love you. (*Catches hold of her wrist*) You belong to me.

SALLY (*wrenches her hand free*). No, I must be free.

HASTINGS. Never with my consent.

SALLY. As a gentleman you must free me when you know the truth.

HASTINGS. If you refer to this love affair, I care naught for that. Love him at a distance if you must, I will seek consolation in the thought that you are mine.

SALLY. No, I am his.

HASTINGS. Eh?

SALLY. I am his, body and soul, I belong to him. Do you understand me or shall I speak plainer?

HASTINGS. I think I understand you.

SALLY. Now will you free me?

HASTINGS. No. Before God you are my wife—before man you must be.

SALLY. Don't come near me. Don't put the devil in me. Don't do it. Don't try it.

HASTINGS. Mam'selle, the flash of your eye but amuses me. And to hear you speak of your perfidy with this man makes me more determined to have you for my own. A spy lover. Pretty scandal for the gossips of Maiden Lane.

SALLY. Aye— A spy.

HASTINGS. You know him to be a spy then?

SALLY (*speaks with abandon*). I do. He told me he was a spy and I aided him to escape. He has gone, he has escaped. He has crossed the bridge and is safe within the rebel lines.

HASTINGS. Were I in your place I would first make sure that he *has* escaped.

SALLY. What do you mean by that. (*Gun is fired off stage*)

HASTINGS. That is your answer. I too knew him to be a Morgan man, and sent word to the guard to arrest him when he passed the bridge. That shot is a signal. They have succeeded. (*Guards* ENTER *with* HUGH D. I. F. *His hands*

are tied behind his back. To HUGH) So, my friend, we meet again? (*To Guards*) Did you search him?

GUARD. Yes, and found this. (*Hands* HASTINGS *a letter*)

HASTINGS. Ah! A letter from Colonel Ichabod Alden.

SALLY (*snatches letter from* HASTINGS). A jest—I wrote it. (*Throws letter in fire*)

HASTINGS. You?

SALLY. I did that, and for a jest slipped it into his pocket; 'twas a joke, Captain Hastings, a joke.

HASTINGS. If you think this distruction of that letter will save him, you are wrong. You yourself not five minutes ago admitted that you knew him to be a spy.

SALLY. I—I——

HASTINGS. You said he confessed as much to you. And that, Mam'selle Lafayette, is the evidence that will hang him.

(SALLY *screams and falls face downward on the floor.*)

HASTINGS. In here, men. (HASTINGS *opens door down* R. *Soldiers put* HUGH *in same and* EXIT D. I. F.) HASTINGS *locks door* R.) Mam'selle.

SALLY. Go! Go—leave me.

(HASTINGS *goes to* D. I. F., *turns, looks down at* SALLY, *smiles and* EXITS.)

SALLY (*rises in dazed manner and goes over to* R. *Drops to sitting position outside of door—speaks in whisper*). Hugh—Hugh—Ah, he will not speak to me, he will not even answer me. (*With bowed head and closed hand she strikes her breast*) Mea culpa—Mea culpa—Mea maxima culpa. (*Half swoons*)

ENTER JIM D. I. F.

JIM. Mam'selle! Mam'selle!

SALLY (*awakening*). Hugh! Hugh! (*Starts, seeing* JIM) You, Mr. Gaunt? You risk much by coming here.

JIM. I know that. They have him in that room?

SALLY. Yes. (HASTINGS *heard off stage*) Quick. It is Captain Hastings. (JIM EXITS D. I. F. *and* SALLY *crouches on floor up* R.)

ENTER HASTINGS L. U. E., *followed by* VON NOSTRAND.

HASTINGS. Confound it, it is as dark as a cave in here.

VON N. The candles have burned low. I shall get fresh ones.

HASTINGS. Stay. There is no way that he can escape except through that door?

VON N. None.

HASTINGS. Where are Clinton and Bolliner?

VON N. Upstairs playing at cards with Sir Peter.

HASTINGS. I shall have to press them into guarding the prisoner. The guards who captured him must return to their post at the bridge. Where is the key to the wine cellar?

VON N. (*hands him key*). Here.

HASTINGS. I will keep this and return it to you to-morrow. There must be no chance of Bolliner and Clinton taking too much wine. They have had enough as it is. Now, see to my horse, I am off to New York to see Sir Henry and have him send an escort to have this fellow conveyed to Cunningham prison.

VON N. Aye, sir. This way.

HASTINGS. Hurry! The dawn will soon be breaking.

[EXIT BOTH D. I. F.

(SALLY *takes lantern down from wall and lights same at fire.*)

ENTER JIM.

JIM. Well?

SALLY (*starts*). You startled me.

JIM. Where are Hastings and Von Nostrand bound for?

SALLY. For the stable. Captain Hastings is going to New York to secure an escort and have Hugh taken to Cunningham prison. (*Laughter heard off.* JIM *starts*)

SALLY. Oh! 'tis nothing. They are making merry upstairs.

JIM. If I thought it would be well, I would batter down the door and have him make a dash for it.

SALLY. That would be death itself. He could never pass the lines.

JIM. Yet he could go by the long trail. I am going that way.

SALLY. If you were to batter in that door now, you would have the guard about us in a minute.

JIM. But girl—girl—are we going to leave him to his fate?

SALLY. Hark ye, I have a plan. To have it succeed I sacrifice much. Yet I will make the sacrifice and thank Heaven that it lies within my power to do him this service. Do you go out and hide in the grove. If you see a candle at the window yonder within the next half hour, come here at once. 'Twill be a sign my plan has succeeded.

JIM. And what proof have I that this is not a trap?

SALLY. Ah, don't doubt me—don't. In whatever else I have been false I am at least true to him.

JIM. Forgive me.

SALLY. Quick. There is a light moving in the grove. (JIM *up to* D I. F., *pauses and then* EXITS. SALLY *goes down to door* R., *listens—laughter off stage is nearer. She softly* EXITS D. I. F. CAPTAIN BOLLINER, CLINTON *and* COLVERT ENTER L. *One of them carries lighted candle. Lights up. They are laughing.*)

CAPT. B. Peter, Peter, thy talk is treason.

CLINTON. If you are not more careful, Cunningham will have thee as well as yonder stranger, and it will be a sorry day indeed when I should see thy beautiful legs walking a minuet in the breeze. (ALL *laugh*)

COLVERT. Aye. Laugh if you must. Yet I still maintain 'tis an outrage to take so young a life to satisfy the greed of war. When has it been given to man, I should like to know, to take the life of a fellow man; a life that has been given him by God alone? Soldiers may think it right, but, thank God, I am not a soldier.

CAPT. B. Now our friend has turned preacher. (ALL *laugh*)

CLINTON. Is he not aware that this is war?

COLVERT. Aye, and a war that has got us all into a sorry plight. A war that has cost many a noble life and brought devastation into thousands of homes on both sides of the Atlantic. Gentlemen, I tell you in the first place this war was a mistake. In the second place it was a blunder, and in the third place it is the biggest all around mess that I have ever known. (ALL *laugh*)

ENTER HASTINGS D. I. F.

HASTINGS. Gentlemen, it is indeed fortunate that you have not gone home. The guard must return to their post at the bridge, and I shall therefore have to request you gentlemen to guard the prisoner until morning. Then the relief guard will take the watch. Here, Captain Bolliner, is the key to yonder room. It is best that you keep it. I am now off to New York. Good-night, gentlemen, and good luck. [EXIT D. I. F.

CAPT. B. Well, by St. George!

CLINTON. Well, upon my soul!

CAPT. B. A pleasant outlook. Now we are in for an all night vigil.

CLINTON. Ho! Landlord.

ENTER VON NOSTRAND, L.

VON N. Aye, sir.

CLINTON. Bring us some wine.

VON N. That is impossible.

ALL. Eh?

VON N. I said that is impossible.

CAPT. B. And why, pray?

VON N. Because Captain Hastings has the key to the wine cellar, and his orders are that no more wine shall be served to-night.

CLINTON. This is an outrage.

VON N. That is what I say, sir, but there is no help for it. [EXIT L.

CLINTON. Sit here all night and no wine. Colvert, you are right, this war is a mess.

CAPT. B. All I need now is to have Lady Tindermoore turn up, and I will have an attack of the measles, I know I will.

COLVERT. If she had hit you on the skull with a pair of tongs as she did me, you would have a fractured head-piece.

ENTER SALLY D. I. F. *She carries lantern and wears long cape, under which she carries jug of wine. She blows out lantern and sets jug on floor and covers same with cape.*

CAPT. B. How now, how now, what have we here?

SALLY. Hush, I am running away.

CAPT. B. Is it so? (SALLY *nods her head*)

CLINTON. From whom are you taking this hasty departure?

SALLY. From every one in general and from Captain Hastings in particular.

COLVERT. Oh, ho—oh, ho—I think I understand.

CLINTON. Is he not your betrothed?

SALLY. Aye, and therein lies my reason for flight.

CAPT. B. Then why are you here?

SALLY. I have come to ask you a great favor. Come closer. (*All three surround her*) Now you three gentlemen are wise in ways of the world. How think you it is possible for me to secure a pass to cross the lines?

CAPT. B. That is simple; I could write one.

SALLY. But it must be for two.

CAPT. B. And why two?

SALLY (*shyly*). My husband goes with me.

COLVERT. Husband—eh? What's this?

SALLY Yes. We are going away to be married and must have a pass.

CAPT. B. (*goes up stage and gets writing material*). Gad, 'twill be a good joke on Hastings.

SALLY. Oh! it will be a good joke, never fear. (ALL *laugh*)

CAPT. B. (*at table*). Now, the gentleman's name?

SALLY. Say for Sally McGuire and husband.

COLVERT. Husband. (COLVERT *nudges* CLINTON *in the ribs and both become convulsed with laughter*)

CAPT. B. (*writing*). ——and husband—signed, Captain Geo. Bolliner. There you are, my girl.

SALLY. I shall never be able to repay you.

CLINTON. What a shame we have no wine in which to drink the health of the bride.

SALLY. Ah, but we have.

ALL. Eh?

SALLY (*up stage*). I knew the wine cellar was to be locked, so I brought you this. (*Holds up jug*)

ALL. Ah. (*They make a rush for* SALLY. *She eludes them and runs down* R.) Sure, if you don't behave I shan't give ye a single drop.

COLVERT. In that event I will be a good boy for the rest of my natural life. Oh, tra-la-la—Oh, tra-la-la. (*Making a poor attempt at dancing*)

SALLY (*crosses to table*). Then you shall have the wine. (SALLY *pours out the wine and the three men group themselves about table*) It is good wine. It comes from the cellar of the Tindermoore Manor.

CLINTON. Then it is the best to be had in New York Colony.

COLVERT. My toast! To Mam'selle Lafayette, Irish by birth, French by name and a little devil by nature.

ALL (*with glasses upraised*). To Mam'selle Lafayette. (*They drink*)

COLVERT. Now that everything is settled we will again come for that kiss which you failed to give us this morning.

SALLY. Fie! Sir Peter, I am about to be married.

COLVERT. Take your kisses now; after marriage they will be as rare as snowballs in June.

(CLINTON *is slowly falling asleep in chair* L. *of table.*)

CAPT. B. Do you speak from experience? (*Laughing*)

COLVERT (R. *of table, pours out more wine and drinks*).

I do. I have had four wives and I should know something of these matters. (SALLY *stands* R., *she is watching expectantly*)

CAPT. B. Gad. That fireplace yonder throws out a frightful heat. (*Sits in chair back of table*)

COLVERT. It is the wine. 'Tis heavy—h-h-h-eavy. (*Quietly nods his head*)

CAPT B. Upon my soul, Clinton—Clinton—this is no time for sleeping.

CLINTON (*grumbles*). Lafayette.

CAPT. B. (*starts to rise*). Lord! my head is going around like a top. (*To* SALLY) What are you staring at, girl? A-a-n-swer me. Do you he——(*Drops in chair asleep*)

(SALLY *quickly goes to table and blows out some of the candles. Lights go down. She takes one candle and goes up to window and signals. Then comes down and gets key from* CAPT. B.'S *pocket.*)

ENTER JIM D. I. F.

JIM. You have succeeded?

SALLY. Yes. Here is the key. I also have a pass for myself and husband. It was the only way I could secure it. I will go with him into the rebel lines and then ask for a flag to take me into Canada.

JIM. This is noble of you, lady.

SALLY. Ah, yes. (*Points to table* L. See.

JIM. Drugged?

SALLY. Yes, and they are my best friends, too. The ashes of my honor I have scattered before the altar of my love. His life to his country means much, to himself it is the world, and to me it is everything. (*Horse effect in the distance*)

SALLY. Hark! I will be at the gate with the horses. Hasten. [EXIT D. I. F.

JIM (*at door* R.). Hugh.

HUGH (*inside*). Is that you, Jim?

JIM. Aye. (*Throws open door*)

ENTER HUGH *and takes* JIM *by the hand.*

HUGH. How did you manage it, man?

JIM. It was the Lady's work, not mine.

HUGH. What lady?

ENTER SILVER BEAR D. I. F.

S. B. Quick—him—Hastings come on horse.

JIM. This way—'tis the shortest.

[EXIT L. U. E., *followed by* HUGH.

(S. B. *lays flat on floor* R. *of* D. I. F.)

ENTER HASTINGS D. I. F. *He carries lantern.*

HASTINGS. I returned, gentlemen, to—Hello, what's this? Drunk, eh? (*Holds lantern in* CAPT. B.'S *face*) By all that's holy—drugged. (*Crosses and throws open* D. R.) Escaped—Hell. (*Turns up stage*) There he goes through the gate. I'll get him yet. (*Rushes up* D. I. F., *throws it open and draws gun at the same time. He levels gun, is about to fire, when* S. B. *springs forward, grasps him by the wrist and forces down his arm*)

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE.—*A Log Cabin in the mountains. Large window in flat; door right of window; doors right and left of stage. Large open fireplace down left. Table in center of stage. Log stumps right and left of table. Walls and floor are adorned with skins of wild animals. Over fireplace, mantel-piece with lighted candles on same. Outside of window and door the snow is seen descending a blizzard. Right of door in flat is a barrel over which is thrown a saddle. Close by fire is a stone jug of wine and drinking cups. Over door is a set of antlers from which hangs a musket. Indian pottery and implements of Indian warfare together with blankets are distributed around stage. Standing up stage left of window is old-fashioned Dutch settle.*

At rise SINGING WATER *is* DISCOVERED *leaning against settle and looking out of window. Lights are half down. Wind effect.* (*Wind effect is used at intervals and at the opening and closing of the door throughout Act.*) *Dimmers are lowered and raised quickly every time door is opened to give the effect of flickering candles.*

SING. W. Snowing, snowing, will it ever cease? May the Great Spirit protect those men over in yonder valley, half clothed, half fed; they are doing their best for the land of

their fathers. Poor devils, my heart goes out to them. (*Wind*) And now the wind—cold, cruel and biting. Ah, why must these things be? (*Comes down and lights more candles on mantel-piece. Lights up*)

ENTER SILVER BEAR D. I. F. *Throws off blanket.*

S. B. Ugh. Much snow—much wind. (*Crosses to fireplace. Takes out long pipe.* SINGING WATER *holds candle for him to light same.* SILVER BEAR *sits on floor silently smoking*)

SING. W. Have the Tryon County men met the English in the valley?

S. B. No. Too much snow. Hastings, him lost. Can no get to his people. English so have no chief to lead them.

SING. W. You mean our men have cut off Capt. Hastings from his own division?

S. B. Yes.

SING. W. Why are you not in the valley?

S. B. Me come here to find Hastings. Him somewhere on the trail. (*Cannon is heard in the distance*)

SING. W. Hark. (*Cannon again*)

S. B. Big gun speaks. Me go over pass. Oneida braves watch trail for Hastings. Him no can get away from me. (*Goes up stage, picks up blanket and throws open door. Points off*) See horse. (SINGING WATER *and* SILVER BEAR *conceal themselves on either side of stage*)

(HUGH *and* SALLY *pass window and* ENTER *door in flat.* HUGH *carries saddles. Both are worn out with long travel.* SALLY *drops on stump left of table*)

SALLY. Ah! Thank heaven we are beneath the shelter of a roof at last.

S. B. Ugh. Campbell. (HUGH *drops saddles and turns quickly, at the same time drawing gun*)

HUGH. Ah, Silver Bear! Where are the Morgan men?

S. B. Over hill.

HUGH. Have they met the English?

S. B. Cannot know.

SING. W.. You heard those guns a moment ago?

HUGH. Yes. They may be naught but signal guns. Mayhap I will yet be in time for the battle. (SALLY *is sitting at the table, her head resting on her arm*)

SING. W. The lady is exhausted, cannot I do something?

SALLY. You are very kind.

HUGH. We have been many days on the road. The lady, I dare say, *is* exhausted.

SING. W. (*goes to fireplace and pours out hot wine*) Here is some hot wine.

SALLY. Thank you.

SING. W. I will fix some blankets for you in yonder room. I will be gone but a moment. [EXIT L.

HUGH (*to* SILVER BEAR). Put this message in your own words and give it to one of your scouts to take across the mountains to Colonel Alden. Say to Colonel Alden I delivered his message at West Point. His second message. The first message was destroyed. Tell him also I am here with a lady whose assistance has been invaluable to our cause. Ask him to send a flag to conduct her into Canada. Do you understand?

S. B. Wait. See. White chief must know you take letter number two to West Point. Lady here who help you much. You want white braves to take lady on north on St. Lawrence.

HUGH. Correct.

S. B. Me give message to scout. Him soon take him to white chief. [EXIT D. I. F. *and goes by window.*

SALLY. Hugh, Hugh!

HUGH (*coming down*). Yes?

SALLY. Is this the end?

HUGH. I think it is.

SALLY. What a life-time has been crowded in the few short days I have known you. Have you any idea what I will do when I get back to Canada?

HUGH. I never thought of that. I lived in the present, not in the future.

SALLY. You think I will go to Captain Hastings?

HUGH. I hope not. Yet he is your husband.

SALLY. Yes, in the sight of man he is my husband, but you must remember he left me the moment we were married. Though by all the laws of earth I am his wife, the marriage was a trick, and I will never go to him—never—never—never! (*Rises and falls back on stump exhausted*)

HUGH. Mam'selle, you are weak.

SALLY. Yes, I guess I have overtaxed my strength. You will forgive me for all the injury I have done you?

HUGH. Mam'selle, you——

SALLY. Yes, I know you are going to say I have not. But I have, I should never have told you that I loved you, I should never have even spoken to you after our first meet-

ing when I could see where it all would end. I know I have caused you to suffer, and I was selfish to be pleased. Even these last few days, even now, I cannot help feeling down in my heart some joy at your suffering. I like to see you suffer, I want to see you suffer, it is proof that you love me and I am glad. I wanted your love, like a siren I schemed for it, I yearned for it, I craved it and prayed for it. No, don't speak, listen. You are going away from me now and I want you to know me as I am. I want you to see the woman you have wasted your love on. I want you to hate me. I want to suffer as I have made you suffer.

HUGH. Don't speak like that, Mam'selle. Remember you saved my life. That was enough.

SALLY (*rising*). You see more selfishness, more selfishness. Cannot you see I did that to make you love me the more? If I hadn't saved you, your friend would have done so. No, *I* must do it. I must sacrifice friends, country, all to have you love me the more. That is all I wanted, love—love—love. See how low I have fallen, dragging you with me, causing you to love when I knew but too well it would mean a life's sorrow for you to bear. Why don't you hate me? A few days ago I begged you not to hate me, now I want you to despise me, strike me, hate me, anything—anything—anything. If you love me as you say you do, if you have one atom of manhood in your whole body, kill me, in the name of God kill me, for I am too big a coward to do it myself. (*Rests her head on her arm against wall left. Sobbing. She sways for a moment, is about to fall, when* HUGH *catches her in his arms*)

HUGH. Mam'selle, Sally, listen to me. Do you hear me?

SALLY. Yes.

HUGH. I love you. And though it is written that you can never be mine, you taught me love, from you I learned what life could be, and for that I thank you. It was you who saved my life and when this war is over, and my country can no longer claim me, my life will be yours. Promise me that if ever in the years to come you should need me, that you will let me know. My life, my all will be at your disposal. Promise me this.

SALLY. I promise.

HUGH. I will always live in the memory of the happy hours we spent together, and I will always dream in the shadow of the days when to me you were Mam'selle Lafayette, and I was to you a stranger.

SALLY. My stranger, my noble stranger.

HUGH. Good-bye.

SALLY. Good-bye? No, no, not now—not so soon.

HUGH. At any moment the battle may take place, and I should be with my men in the valley. This is the hardest battle I have ever fought. Let me go. If I stay here much longer I will forget my manhood—forget all but you, and thus forget my country. (*He is backing slowly towards the door.* SALLY *clings to him, imploring him not to leave*)

SALLY. Don't go now, Hugh, stay just a little while longer. Just a minute.

HUGH. Don't make it harder for me, don't, please don't.

SALLY. I love you. You cannot leave like this, you must stay just a minute. Just a second.

HUGH. Every second is a life-time, every minute an Eternity. An Eternity filled with naught but sorrow, shattered hopes and broken hearts for you and me. Let me go, for heaven's sake let me go.

SALLY. One word, just one. Don't say good-bye; say you love me. Let the last words be "I love you." (HUGH *takes her in his arms*) I love you, girl, I love you.

[EXIT D. I. F.

SALLY. Hugh—Hugh—Hugh!

ENTER SINGING WATER L., *and supports* SALLY, *her arm around her waist.*

SING. W. Lady, you are ill. Come, I have a bed arranged for you.

SALLY (*in a dazed manner*). Ah, yes; you are the Indian girl. And you are a good girl. I hope this world will never treat you as harshly as it has me. It has taken everything from me; love, honor, everything but what it gave me—my miserable life. Why could it not take that? No, this world besides being unfair is cruel. Ah, you don't know how cruel, but it is a funny world, yes, funny, so funny that it makes me laugh. (*Laughing and sobbing hysterically she is led off* L. *by* SINGING WATER)

JIM ENTERS D. I. F., *shaking off snow.*

JIM. Confound the snow. *Goes to jug at fireplace, pours out wine and drinks*) Ah, that's the stuff. That's the stuff that has more warmth than ten blankets.

ENTER SINGING WATER L..

SING. W. Jim. I thought you were in the valley.

JIM. I was. I am now on my way to Johnstown.

SING. W. Why Johnstown?

JIM. The battle has already begun there. The Morgan men caught the Rangers in the Johnstown Pass.

SING. W. Did Captain Hastings reach the Rangers at last?

JIM. No, and he cannot reach them now. Every trail that leads in and out of the Pass is well guarded. Let us hope, say I, that this will mean the end of the Rangers' bloody reign in upper New York.

SING. W. Did you see any tracks as you came up the trail?

JIM. None. It is snowing so hard it would be a problem to track a herd of elephants.

SING. W. Hugh Campbell was here.

JIM. Yes; your father told me. I'm off. (*Starts off* D. I. F.. SINGING WATER *holds out her hand*)

SING. W. You will look to yourself and have a care for your life, Jim.

JIM (*taking her hand*). For your sake, yes.

SING. W. I do not ask it for my sake, but for your own. (*Picks up blanket*) Wait, I will go with you as far as the trail. I will tell you a secret that I have kept to myself for many years. I was going to tell you the night I met you at Sleepy Hollow, but circumstances and fate interfered. I will tell you why I can never keep the promise now that I made you by the upper Hudson. Come. (*Takes him by the hand and together they* EXIT D. I. F. *and pass window*)

HASTINGS ENTERS *from opposite direction. Looks off after* JIM *and* SINGING WATER.

HASTINGS. One of those Morgan men and that Indian girl, Singing Water. It seems that every bush and tree in this accursed country conceals a rebel rifle, but I'll beat them yet, I will get to my men, and when this day is done I will stand upon the mound of Victory and gaze upon the long rows of dead rebels that death and I have mowed down like grain before the scythe. (*Looks out of window*) I must reach Johnstown. I wonder which way the trail leads. I cannot hide here, I must go on. If I remain here it means discovery, and that means death—death. No, I must go on to Johnstown. (*Starts for* D. I. F. SILVER BEAR ENTERS *and stands with folded arms confronting him*) Silver Bear!

SILVER BEAR. Ugh. Silver Bear.

HASTINGS. What do you wish?

S. B. You know; me tell you long ago. Then you make fool of me. Silver Bear trust you; he never do it again.

HASTINGS. That is the past. What do you want of me now?

S. B. Same now as then. You married my Singing Water. Her people think she is no your squaw; she has got much shame on head. Me want you to take her before Injun chiefs and make her right.

HASTINGS. You know I cannot do that now; that will take days, and every minute to me is precious I must get to my men at Johnstown.

S. B. Put it down in white man's writing. Me get white man to write it. (*Takes out paper*) See, all in white man's writing, you put name here. (*Points to bottom of paper*)

HASTINGS (*aside*). The fool has me cornered. If I sign that, it means I lose Mam'selle Lafayette. (*To* SILVER BEAR) Suppose I refuse to sign that?

S. B. Then me kill you.

HASTINGS. Even so, do you think that threat will sway me one way or another?

S. B. Me know you well. You coward. You no want to die.

HASTINGS (*hand slowly goes to hilt of sword*). Mayhap you are right and——

S. B. No draw sword. All time I speak to you, you are in shadow of death. (*Throws back blanket and reveals the hand he has held concealed under same, holds a pistol pointed at* HASTINGS)

HASTINGS. I am beaten. (*Points right*) In yonder room there is writing material. I will sign the paper there. (*Puts sword on table.* SILVER BEAR *starts toward room* R. HASTINGS *with a quick cat-like movement gets him by the throat from behind, slowly bends him back, strangling him. This is done without violent struggle by either man.* SILVER BEAR *reaches for his pistol, but in drawing same it falls to floor. Slowly* HASTINGS *chokes* SILVER BEAR *into insensibility; when* SILVER BEAR *becomes limp and helpless,* HASTINGS *drops him to the floor*) Fool to set your childish wits against the master brain of Hastings (*Picks up* SILVER BEAR'S *pistol, is about to fire at* SILVER BEAR *when cannon is heard off.* HASTINGS *stands for a second listening*) Johnstown, I must reach Johnstown.

[RUSHES OFF D. I. F.

S. B. (*slowly comes to his senses, crawls across stage to*

jug of wine at fireplace and drinks. Slowly rises to his feet in dazed manner). Snow stop. Sign now in snow is clean. Track easy. Me go. Me follow Hastings. Me find him.

[EXIT D. I. F., *tracking* HASTINGS.

COLVERT, CAPTAIN BOLLINER *and* CLINTON *pass by window and* ENTER D. I. F.

CAPT. B. Thank heaven, we are here at last.

COLVERT. So say I.

CAPT. B. So say you? If it hadn't been for you we wouldn't be here at all.

COLVERT. That's right, blame it on me. Me, poor old man, must stand all the blame. If it wasn't for the fact that I am near dead now I'd call you out for this.

CLINTON. Gentlemen, please be calm.

COLVERT. Calm? Calm? How the devil can a man be calm with an old fool like that about.

CAPT. B. How dare you, sir?

COLVERT. How dare *you,* sir?

CAPT. B. Go to the devil, sir.

COLVERT. And *you* go to the devil, sir.

CLINTON. Gentlemen, this is no time for quarreling. I, for one, am tired to death.

CAPT. B. So am I. This hunting for Mam'selle Lafayette is a fool's errand, and I'm a bigger fool for listening to Colvert there and coming hunting for the jade.

COLVERT. Ho! Ho! listen, hark ye! Come a-hunting for the jade? It was to save his own neck that he left Sleepy Hollow. We let the prisoner escape and the penalty for that is death. Bah! If I wasn't so tired I'd laugh in the man's face.

CAPT. B. How dare you, sir?

COLVERT. How dare you, sir?

CAPT. B. Go to the devil, sir.

COLVERT. And *you* go to the devil, sir?

CLINTON. Stop this tomfoolery.

CAPT. B. *and* COLVERT (*together*). You shut up, sir.

CLINTON. Have it your own way; I for one shall seek a bed.

CAPT. B. This will cause me to have rheumatics yet, I know it.

COLVERT. You are enough to make any man sick. Always some disease or other. There is nothing the matter with you except the lack of brains.

CAPT. B. How dare you, sir?

COLVERT. How dare you, sir?

CAPT. B. Go to the devil, sir.

COLVERT. And *you* go to the devil, sir.

CLINTON (*looks in door* R.). Gentlemen, see, blankets and straw. (CAPT. B. *and* COLVERT *rush to door*) Easy now, easy. First we will draw lots to see who will stand guard. Remember the war is still going on in this part of the country and there are Indians about.

COLVERT. Indians or no Indians, I'm going to sleep, and if they get my scalp they will have to take it while I am in the sweet land of slumber. [EXIT R., *followed by* CLINTON.

CAPT. B. This will cause me to have lumbago yet, I can feel it in my bones. [EXIT.

ENTER SINGING WATER D. I. F. SALLY ENTERS L.

SALLY. Girl, you have been out in all this storm?

SING. W. The storm has ceased, see.

SALLY. Ah, yes. I had failed to notice it.

SING. W. Why do not you lie down and rest?

SALLY. Rest? Rest? I feel as if I can never rest again.

SING. W. Lady, you have some great sorrow. Can I not do something to help you?

SALLY. Sorrow? It is worse than that. It is—it is—I cannot explain it. It seems as if my very heart was consumed by some awful fire and my soul is cold and dumb.

SING. W. Cannot I help you, cannot I do something?

SALLY. No, this I must bear alone. Alone—what a world of misery there is in that one word. Let us talk of other things. Tell me, how you, a full-blooded Indian, use such good English.

SING. W. My education was paid for by a Captain of the Rangers.

SALLY. I once knew a captain of the Rangers. He came into my life when I was little more than a child. By his ardent attentions and fascinating manner I was tricked into becoming his wife. Immediately after the ceremony he left me. Duty called him away. He knew well that by his deception he had tied a knot for life that could never be undone. Years passed, then I met the man I really loved. Why go on? Here am I alone parted from the man I love, the wife of the man I despise—can you understand, girl, how my heart aches? How I suffer?

SING. W. Not only can I understand, but I can feel for you.

SALLY. Sometimes when I am alone, I pray and pray that

it is all a dream, and that I shall awake to find I have never met Captain Hastings.

SING. W. (*starts*). Captain Hastings?

SALLY. Do you know him?

SING. W. You are his wife?

SALLY. Yes.

SING. W. Are you sure?

SALLY. Would to heaven I knew I was not.

SING. W. Then it is on your account that he refuses me.

SALLY. Refuses you? What do you mean?

SING. W. I mean that in the eyes of my people I am looked upon with shame and dishonor. Captain Hastings is the one man who can make me pure in their eyes. I once thought that he loved you, but never for an instant did I dream that you were his wife. Was not the shame of his refusing me enough; why must I endure this new insult? I can see now why he refuses me. It is because he fears the disgrace that the truth must bring upon him. You are the only thing that stands between me, my people and my honor. (*Draws knife*) Why should I not kill you?

SALLY. Kill me?

SING. W. (*creeping slowly toward* SALLY). Yes, kill you —kill—(*Raises knife to strike* SALLY. SALLY *picks up sword from table and with deft movement knocks the knife from* SINGING WATER'S *hand*)

SALLY. Do not think it because I fear death that I defend myself, rather say I welcome it. If my death will make you happy I will freely go to my Maker knowing that I have at least one good deed on the credit side of judgment. But first I must know all concerning you and this man. You see I am curious; I am but a woman—it is but natural even in the face of death. Tell me of your love for him.

SING W. Love him? I hate him.

SALLY. Then why seek him?

SING. W. I seek him because the right is mine. I am his wife.

SALLY (*surprised*). His wife? Did I understand you right—you said his wife?

SING. W. He married me five years ago.

SALLY. The month, the month!

SING W. June.

SALLY (*excited and agitated*). Five years ago in September he married *me*.

SING. W. Then I have the first claim.

SALLY. First tell me why he refuses you.

SING. W. He says the man who performed the ceremony had not the power.

SALLY. Who was the man?

SING. W. Sir John Johnson.

SALLY. On which side of the border was the marriage ceremony performed?

SING. W. On the North.

SALLY. The North, the North. Ah, girl, you are his wife. You are, and the bonds that bound me to him do not hold good. I am free—free.

SING. W. (*drops on knees, catching* SALLY *by hand*). Lady, forgive me—forgive me.

SALLY. Go quickly and find the scout they call Campbell. Tell him what you have told me.

SING. W. (*at* D. L.). I will go by the trail I alone know, and cut him off on the road to Fondas Bush.

SALLY. Go, go, go! (*Turns and sees* HASTINGS, *who* ENTERS D. I. F.) You!

HASTINGS (*sarcastically*). Surprised to see me, are you not? You note my ill-kept toilet; it is not fitting the occasion I admit, but then 'tis proof of what I have undergone to once again to behold you. Well, what are you staring at?

SALLY. I thought you were over in the valley.

HASTINGS. I would have been had it not been for you. Like a fool I let my better judgment be ruled by a jealous mind and hunted for you and your spy lover. Had it not been for that, I would be over there now where my men are being beaten, and all because I am not there to show them how to win.

SALLY. Why do you not go now?

HASTINGS. Because every trail is guarded. It is on your account that we are losing the battle. Now it must be you who will help me out of this and get me safe into my own lines.

SALLY. How?

HASTINGS. There is a rebel guard to see you safely into Canada. You are my wife. Tell them this but do not mention my name, and under protection of their flag I can safely join the Rangers.

SALLY. Captain Hastings, you know I am not your wife. You know that you married the Indian girl before you did me.

HASTINGS. Indian girl?

SALLY. Why do you start?

HASTINGS. That marriage was not legal. It was only the result of a drunken wager made at the Johnson Manor.

SALLY. Then the more shame on you. At one time she loved you and trusted you; now you try to cast her off and make her believe she is *not* your wife as you tried to make me believe that I *was*. That marriage was performed by Sir John Johnson who had legal power. Little by little, piece by piece, I am finding out how low and despicable a creature a man can really be and still be a man. (*Cannon is heard off stage*)

HASTINGS. The battle is still going on. There is hope of our winning yet. Are you going to help me to get into the valley?

SALLY. No.

HASTINGS. Do you realize what instinct you are raising in me? Do you realize that I will stop at nothing to gain my purpose?

SALLY. Threatening? Lower and lower down the ladder of manhood. It seems that in the years that you have known me you should well understand my determination. Do you think I would betray the trust these people have placed in me? The man I love is over there fighting for his country; his people are my people, his country my country. If you so desire you may carry out your threat and kill me, but living or dead he will know that I have been true to him and his cause.

HASTINGS. You jade, you wanton; I will kill you if only to know that if I cannot have you, you will not belong to another. (*Takes her by the throat, strikes her in the face, she falls.* HASTINGS *draws the pistol he took from* SILVER BEAR *and points at* SALLY) No, mayhap I can use this bullet to a better advantage.

SING. W. (*off stage*). Lady, lady. [EXIT HASTINGS D. I. F. (SINGING WATER ENTERS *and raises* SALLY *in her arms*) Lady, he was but a short distance away. I signalled to him from the knoll; he will be here at once. I outran him. I have told him all.

(SALLY *rises to her feet, at the same time picking up sword.* HUGH ENTERS L., *followed by* JIM. SALLY *goes into* HUGH'S *arms.* SINGING WATER *crosses to* JIM *at window.*)

HUGH. Sally, Mam'selle. Our men won the battle.

SALLY. Hugh. My stranger.

ENTER COLVERT R., *followed by* CAPT. B. *and* CLINTON.

COLVERT. What the devil is the meaning of all this noise? (COLVERT, CAPT. B. *and* CLINTON *surprised*)

COLVERT. Mam'selle Lafayette.

SALLY. The three wise men from the East. Why are you here, and so far away from Sleepy Hollow?

CAPT. B. We came here to save our own necks.

COLVERT. And to tell you the news. George Washington captured Cornwallis at Yorktown.

HUGH. That means this cruel strife is ended.

SALLY (*leans back in* HUGH'S *arms, raises sword in salutation*). God save the King! God bless the New Republic!

COLVERT. Come, boys, let us go back to bed. (*Crosses to fireplace and takes down candles.* JIM *and* SINGING WATER EXIT L. *together.* COLVERT *crossing* R.) To think of this war being ended weeks ago and here are these people still fighting battles. Captain Bolliner, I told you this war was an awful mess.

[EXIT R., *followed by* CAPT. B. *and* CLINTON.

(*Lights down. Glow from fireplace shines out across stage.*)

SALLY. Why, Hugh, they are all gone. We are alone.

HUGH. Alone.

SALLY. And with the ending of this war will end all our sorrows?

HUGH. Yes. We will carry this happiness with us on and on through the years to come. Yet I would endure again the suffering we have undergone just to gain one moment like this.

SALLY (*crossing to fireplace*). Come, get that settle and draw it nearer the fire. (HUGH *draws settle to fireplace. He and* SALLY *sit on same*) You are tired, my love.

HUGH. No more than are you.

(HASTINGS *appears at window, draws pistol, is about to fire. Shot is heard off stage;* HASTINGS *falls face downward.* SILVER BEAR *appears at window, looks down at* HASTINGS, *removes blanket, throws it over him and walks off* R.)

SALLY. What was that shot?

HUGH. 'Twas naught but a signal gun.

SALLY. Hugh, you and I will sit here like an old married couple on Bowling Green and pretend that this war and all this misery had never been, that it was always like this.

HUGH. And always will be.

(HUGH *and* SALLY *have fallen asleep.* HUGH *with his arm about her waist, her head resting on his shoulder Soft music.*)

ENTER COLVERT, CAPT. B. *and* CLINTON R., *one behind the other, tiptoe over to settle.*

CAPT. B. Hush, she is asleep.

CLINTON. And he is asleep.

COLVERT. I guess they both must be asleep. (*All three turn and* EXIT, *tiptoeing off* R.)

CURTAIN.

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